

MR. KNOCKERINO HANDS OUT A FEW

Not Gabby, You Know, But There Are Some Things Every-body Knows.

"Aho, there, mate! How's she heading?" was Mr. Knockerino's airy greeting when he eyed a man he knew seated in a hotel lobby reading some letters, and Mr. Knockerino plumped himself into the leather bench seat beside that of his acquaintance without the least urging. "Say, by George, you look like a hundred dollars! Must be behaving, eh? Only way, old pal, only way. And you sure do look the part. Look like somebody sound in wind and limb, without any mark or scratch on you—"

"Oh, ho, but talking about scratches, have you been running across Charlie Undulver much during the last six months or so?" No? Well, that had we don't call him Charlie any more, you know. He's the 'Human Zebra' to the bunch, and everybody's hep. He's been going around for the last six months or so with a layout of perpendicular scratches up and down his face all the time, and that's what got him the name. As soon as an assortment of scratches heals, why Charlie turns up with another mess of 'em, and I guess it's been moved by somebody—oh, no, nobody guesses who that somebody is, of course, that they he's permanent—he he! Charlie's chart looks like a Malay's that's been tattooed that way, and he must be tough enough in armica and liniment and truck to keep an ordinary man in cigaars.

"What's the answer? Oh, nothing. I'm not there with that gab thing, you know, old man—but did you ever get a peek at his second wife—that one that he married about eight months ago? No? Well, all right. You ask me what the answer is, but I'm not saying a word. Just wait till you get a flash at her, though, and maybe you'll understand that scratched up map of Charlie's. Never saw such a pair of serpent's black lamps in a woman's head, and she's got the hatchet face and high cheekbones and all the rest that go with that kind of orbs. I guess maybe Charlie isn't eating out of her hand and such like! I never pay any attention to these things—got all I can do to attend to my own game—but they tell me that Charlie is the worst buffed male thing on Manhattan Island since he took on with that black-eyed widow, and if he doesn't look the rôle I'm a Kaffir.

"Member what an independent sort of cuss Charlie used to be? Chest out, head back and all that? Well, y'ought to see him now. Getting positively round shouldered with humility, and his manner toward all hands is as apologetic as Uriah Heep's. Somebody was telling me that this second wife of his lights on him like a thousand of brick no matter who's around. 'You bullied and bossed your first wife, I hear she said to him before a whole parcel of folks the other night, 'but you're not going to run me, you shrin!' Fine for Charlie, hey? Hal hal! You see, she knew Charlie's first wife—and I guess maybe a man isn't a pin-head that'll marry a woman who knew his first wife, eh?"

"Well, it's to scream to hear Charlie account for those scratches on his diagram; it sure is. If they're not human fingernail scratches then everybody that knows Charlie is blind. But he's there with all kinds of flaps about 'em. Told me, for instance, that a parrot that somebody sent his wife from Honduras got suddenly homesick and tore up his chart while feeling that way. Same day he told another fellow that an Angora kitten suffering from distemper, belonging to some folks on the floor above his flat, had leaped at him from the fire escape and clawed him up. Told somebody else that he'd slipped and fallen down the stairs. Then he staked another inquirer to the hop you see that he'd been marked up by a stickup man while taking a solitary walk on Riverside Drive. Hands out some different kind of a trance about that so-called mug of his to everybody he knows, and it's all the fellows can do to keep from grinning in Charlie's face, for they've all had a pipe at that new wife of his and know how she mops him around like excess baggage. Funny how they all get—"

"There goes Tom Grabbit over yonder by the telephone booth. Nope, Tom and I don't hit it off together any more. Oh, yes, we used to be pretty chummy, but a fellow can't spend a whole lifetime catering to these thin skinned ducks—too darned much bother—and Tom's got one of those tissue paper cuticles that—well, I'm through dodging around and knuckling to that kind. I meant to do him a favor, at that—it didn't turn out just like I thought it would, but my intentions were all right—but Tom was too mean spirited to give me credit for that."

"You see, about a year and a half ago some fellow unloaded 5,000 shares of some junk Tonopah mining property—well, anyhow, I had a right to think it was punk, didn't I?—on Tom, and when he told me about it—oh, no, by the way, he didn't tell me himself, but I heard about it—I went to him and told him that he ought to have a guardian. I thought it was up to me to put him wise to it that that Tonopah stuff wasn't worth the paper it was printed on, but he was pigheaded about it and insisted that the stock was all right. Well, he asked me not to mention the thing to his wife if I happened to meet her or to drop into their flat, because she was sore over some thing Tom had bitten on before, and of course I had to tell him that I wouldn't say anything about it to her. As a matter of fact, I of course didn't really intend to say anything about it to her, but when I dropped in upon 'em a couple of nights later—well, the trouble about me is, old man, as you know, that I'm one of these infernally frank, candid cusses—never under cover about anything myself and of course I don't expect other people to be that way—and—well, I just accidentally blurted out something about Tom's purchase of that Tonopah junk, and Tom, of course, got all swelled up and sore about it and made a lot of cracks about my gabiness and all that—me gabby! wasn't that a joke?—out in the hall that I wouldn't stand for, and so we've been taking the other side of the street for it when we see each other ever since. And, just because he always has been a good deal of a bit of a fellow, the Tonopah thing didn't break my way at that, for the stock that Tom paid four bits for is now selling for twelve dollars, and of course Tom, since going out with that dame, is new rotten with money, and that hasn't helped his natural tendency toward the big head thing, either, for he always did consider himself just a little bit better."

"There goes Lew Slowbridge with his wig on all right but without his helmet. What, d'ye mean to say you haven't heard about Lew's hair? Well, you know, old man, you don't happen to've been doing a bit on Blackwell's Island lately, do you? I thought everybody had heard about Lew's hair raising helmet. You know, of course, that Lew's the most sensitive bald headed man on the civilized globe, and that's why he's worn that wig that looks like it's cut out of a piece of moth eaten buffalo robe all these years. Well, up to a few months ago he had the trance that folks supposed that kinky looking wig to be his own hair, but he overheard some cracks that some fellow was making about the wig, and that worried him and so he got the helmet. He read an advertisement put out and then the fellow came bounding out and caught sight of Lew with that

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Batiste Robes for Women at \$3.49, regular price \$5.00 (slightly soiled). See "The New York Herald."

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They are made of high grade Silk Taffetas in solid colors, black and fancy Silks. The yoke and sleeves are handsomely trimmed with a fine Net Lace, with Lace Collar. The Skirt is cut extra full, accordion pleated. Altogether a very desirable and fashionable Suit that would ordinarily sell for \$20.00. The price to-morrow, in either building,

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screwed onto his head at night and slept in—guaranteed to make the wearer of it look like one of the Sutherland sisters after being worn o' nights for three months and all that. Lew was all for one of these as soon as he read the ad., and he got the helmet and began to wear it during his hours of slumber.

"Well, one night couple months ago they were having a bridge whist and Dutch lunch roughhouse in the flat below Lew's, and somehow or another the lace curtains in the front room of that flat caught fire. The women folks all screamed, of course, and there was a big do, and all hands raced into the halls—it was after midnight—and Lew among 'em. Well, in the excitement, Lew had forgotten all about having that big metal helmet clamped on his conk and when he showed up in the hall with a bathrobe slung over his pajamas and that horrible looking contraption screwed onto his lid—say, they tell me he looked like a deep sea diver on a drunk— he scared the huddling women and children 'most to death. Some of the women promptly fainted and the kids hollered and screamed. The fire was easily enough put out and then the fellows came bounding out and caught sight of Lew with that

funny looking haversack on his topknot and they all but rolled on the ground with the fun of the thing, and then they linked hands and did a war dance around Lew and his hair raising helmet right there in the hall, while Lew stormed and howled and jabbered at them to turn him loose. The noise woke everybody on all the floors, and while the women scampered to their flats, the men in their pajamas all trotted up or down to where it was coming off and joined in the heap big Navajo dance around Lew, who was hopping mad, but helpless. Finally Lew managed to untangle the helmet from his head—and, as they say at the variety shows, he looked half naked with that billiard ball conk of his—and he threw the helmet at the bunch and it rolled down the stairs and Lew never claimed it, so that the janitor sold it for junk.

"Lew moved out of the flat when his lease was up a couple of weeks later and he's refused to speak to anybody that knows about the helmet gab since. I just happened to talk him—casually, you know—about some kind of a Maypole dance they had up at his place, and you ought to've heard the sensitive old chap round out. He hasn't spoken to me since, but I see he's gone back to his old buffalo robe wig, and maybe he'll—"

"Yonder goes Fred Warningsit. Unph! Pretty springy step at that, considering all this stuff that trickles around about him. Must be a quick retractor. Fred, Met saw Fred in Chicago last week soused up to the ears, with his legs hanging out of a cab, riding up and down Clark street with a bunch of prizefighters and blowing his conk like a man-o-war's man on sundown liberty. Sure he knows how to get by with it all right, that same ewasie he handles don't think he's the organizer and charter member of the Epworth League and the most straightlaced proposition ever.

"Well, you know the answer to these things, old man. Fellows like Fred can drift along just to a certain point—now, don't understand that I'm trying to hand Fred anything, will you? For he's a sure enough good fellow and a friend of mine—but the trouble about Fred is that he's too degenerated good a fellow, and these disapproving of his out of town are bound to attract attention sooner or later—attracting it now, for the matter of that, for I happened to mention his—but never mind that. I'm with the old boy as long as he half way behaves, but—say, by the way, while we're on the subject, have you met up with any of Fred's paper lately? Reason I ask is that I met a fellow that had a piece of it a few weeks ago and he seemed pretty keen to unload it at six bits on the dollar. Well, as a matter of business strictly, I rubbered around to find out what this fellow knew and I found that he was hep to these out of town toots of Fred's, and so I guess it's got around pretty well and I'm surprised you haven't heard about it. Fred used to like out of town for his tools only after a while, y'see, he got reckless and gradually reducing the intervals, so that now he spends about half his time kicking up his heels in the other madows.

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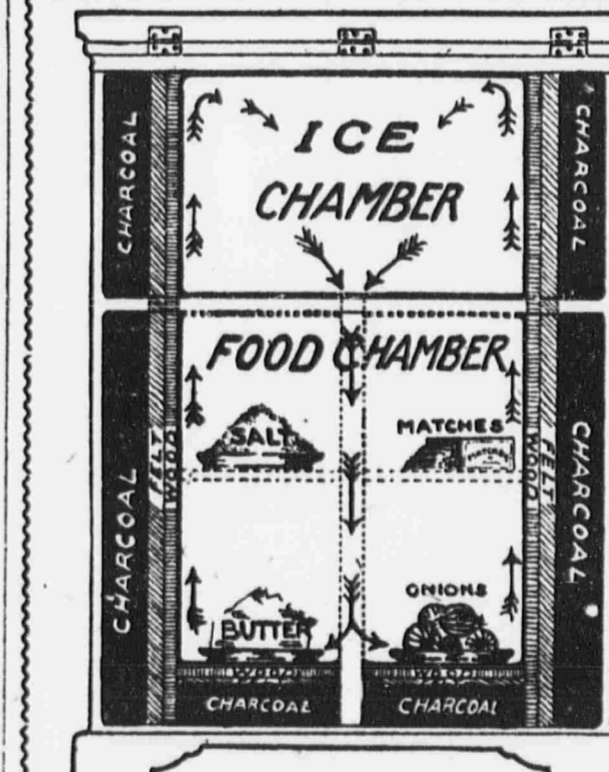
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was sketched to demonstrate the cold air circulation. The arrows show the course of dry, cold air circulation and the direction it returns to ice chamber to be re-cooled, thence to food chamber, etc., which insures a uniform degree of temperature throughout. To prove to a critical eyesight that the air circulates, a circular fan in the food chamber is kept moving by the circulating air. The fan is not shown in the picture.

The salt remains as dry as if kept in an oven—so do the matches.

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their business away from him in sets of four, you mark my word. I'm only hoping that when that happens Freddy'll be there with the hundred cents on the dollar settle up thing. Oh, don't understand that I imagine he won't be, but you know how careless fellows become when they get into the trotting around habit, and like all these ducks that begin to sow their wild oats after they're thirty-five Freddy is bound to—"

"Why, hello, there, Freddie, old pal! Milt! You look like a bunch of new dandruff! How they heaving for you? Goodness! Well, nobody deserves the best of it more than you do, old boy—you've worked hard enough for yours! Oh, well, if you insist, I'll take just one with you, just to give the house a tone. Lead on. 'Whither thou goest,' and so on. I sure am glad to mix you, old bucko—sure am!"